

GRANDMOTHER LOIS.

DR. TALMAGE'S EIGHTH SERMON
TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

This is a Hard World for Women, and
Also for Men—A Mother's Influence of
Immense and Lasting Importance on
Unborn Generations.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 26.—The Rev. T. De Witt
Talmage, D. D., preached in the Brooklyn
Tabernacle to-day the eighth of his series of
"Sermons to the Women of America, with
Important Hints to Men." His subject was,
"The Grandmother and Her Grandchildren." A
vast congregation was present. The opening
hymn begins:

Give to the wind thy fears,
Hope and be undimmed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Dr. Talmage's text was from II Timothy,
1, 5: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee,
which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois."

The eloquent preacher said:
In this love letter which Paul, the old min-
ister, is writing to Timothy, the young min-
ister, the family record is brought out. Paul
practically says: "Timothy, what a good
grandmother you had. You ought to be better
than most folk, because not only was your
mother good, but your grandmother. Two
preceding generations of piety ought to give
you a mighty push in the right direction."

The fact was that Timothy needed en-
couragement. He was in poor health, hav-
ing a weak stomach, and was dyspeptic, and
Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little
wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much
wine, but a little, and only as a medi-
cine. And if the wine then had been as
much adulterated with logwood and strych-
nine as our modern wines, he would not have
prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is en-
couraged spiritually by the recital of grand-
motherly excellence, Paul hinting to him as
he hints this day to you, that God sometimes
gathers up, as in a reservoir away back of
the active generations of today, a godly in-
fluence, and then in response to prayer lets
down the power upon children and grand-
children and great-grandchildren. The world
is woefully in want of a table of statistics in
regard to what is the protractedness and im-
mensity of influence of one good woman in
the church and world. We have accounts of
how much evil has been wrought by Mar-
garet, the mother of criminals, who lived
near a hundred years ago, and of how many
hundreds of criminals her descendants fur-
nished for the penitentiary and the gallows;
and how many hundreds of thousands of dol-
lars they cost this country in their arrange-
ment and prison support, as well as in the
property they burglarized or destroyed. But
will not some one come out with brain com-
prehensive enough, and heart warm enough,
and pen keen enough to give us the facts in
regard to some good woman of a hundred
years ago, and let us know how many Chris-
tian men and women and reformers and use-
ful people have been found among her de-
scendants, and how many asylums and col-
leges and churches they built, and how many
millions of dollars they contributed for hu-
manitarian and Christian purposes?

The good women whose tombstones were
planted in the Eighteenth century are more
alive for good in the Nineteenth century than
they were before, as the good women of this
Nineteenth century will be more alive for
good in the Twentieth century than now.
Mark you, I have no idea that the grand-
mothers were any better than their grand-
daughters. You cannot get very old people
to talk much about how things were when
they were boys and girls. They have a re-
tience and a non-committalism which makes
me think they feel themselves to be the cus-
todians of the reputation of their early con-
rades. While our dear old folks are rehear-
ing the follies of the present, if you put them
on the witness stand and cross examine them
as to how things were seventy years ago the
silence becomes oppressive.

A celebrated Frenchman by the name of
Volney visited this country in 1796, and he
says of woman's diet in those times: "If a
premium was offered for a regimen most de-
structive to health, none could be devised
more efficacious for these ends than that in
use among these people." That eclipses our
lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks
about the dissipation of modern society and
how womanly health goes down under it,
but it was worse a hundred years ago, for
the chaplain of a French regiment in our re-
volutionary war wrote in 1782, in his book
of American women, saying: "They are tall
and well proportioned, their features are
generally fair and without color. At 30
years of age the women have no longer the
freshness of youth. At 30 or 40 they are de-
crepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a
book entitled "A Sketch of the United States
at the Commencement of the Present Cen-
tury," and he says of the women of those
times: "At the age of 30 all their charms
have disappeared." One glance at the por-
traits of the women a hundred years ago and
their style of dress makes us wonder how
they ever got their breath. All this makes
me think that the express rail train is no
more an improvement on the old canal boat,
or the telegraph no more an improvement on
the old time saddle bags, than the women of
our day are an improvement on the women
of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times
were so much worse than ours, there was a
glorious race of godly women, seventy and
a hundred years ago, who held the world back
from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and
without their exalted and sanctified influ-
ence before this last good influence would
have perished from the earth. Indeed, all
over this land there are seated today—not so
much in churches, for many of them are too
feeble to come—a great many aged grand-
mothers. They sometimes feel that the world
has gone past them, and they have an idea
they are of little account. Their head some-
times gets aching from the racket of the
grandchildren down stairs or in the next
room. They steady themselves by the banis-
ters as they go up and down. When they
get a cold it hangs on to them longer than it
used to. They cannot bear to have the grand-
children punished, even when they deserve
it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family
discipline that they would spoil all the
youngsters of the household by too great
leniency. These old folks are the resort when
great troubles come, and there is a calming
and soothing power in the touch of an aged
hand that is almost supernatural. They feel
they are almost through with the journey of
life and read the old book more than they
used to, hardly knowing which most they en-
joy, the Old Testament or the New, and often
stop and dwell tearfully over the family
record half way between. We hail them to-
day whether in the house of God or at the
homestead. Blessed is that household that
has in it a Grandmother Lois. Where she is
angels are hovering round and God is in the
room. May her last days be like those lovely
autumnal days that we call Indian summer.

I never knew the joy of having a grand-
mother; that is the disadvantage of being
the youngest child of the family. The elder
members only have that benediction. But

though she went up out of this life before I
began it, I have heard of her faith in God,
that brought all her children into the king-
dom and two of them into the ministry, and
then brought all her grandchildren into the
kingdom, myself the last and least worthy.
Is it not time that you and I do two things,
swinging open a picture gallery of the wrinkled
and deep-shouldered of the past, and call
down from their heavenly thrones the
godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks,
and then persuade the mothers of today that
they are living for all time, and that
against the sides of every cradle in which a
child is rocked beat the two eternities.

Here we have an untold, unexplored and
unexplored subject. You often hear about
your influence upon your own children—I
am not talking about that. What about your
influence upon the Twentieth century, upon
the Thirtieth century, upon the Fortieth
century, upon the year 2,000, upon the year
4,000, if the world lasts so long. The world
lived 4,000 years before Christ came; it is
not unreasonable to suppose that it may
stand 4,000 years after his arrival. Four
thousand years the world swung off in sin,
4,000 years it may be swinging back into
righteousness. By the ordinary rate of mul-
tiplication, of the world's population in a
century your descendants will be over 600,
and by two centuries at least over 100,000,
perhaps 300,000, and upon every one of them
you, the mother of today, will have an influ-
ence for good or evil. And if in two
centuries your descendants shall have with
their names filled a scroll of hundreds of
thousands, will some angel from heaven to
whom is given the capacity to calculate the
number of the stars of the heavens and the
sands of the seashore, step down and tell
us how many descendants you will have in the
4,000th year of the world's possible continu-
ance. Do not let the grand-
mothers any longer think that they are re-
tired, and sit clear back out of sight from the
world, feeling that they have no relation to
it. The mothers of the last century are to-
day in the senate, the parliament, the pal-
aces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the
professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses,
the company of midnight brigands, the
cellars, the ditches of this century. You
have been thinking about the importance of
having the right influence upon one nurser-
y. You have been thinking of the importance of
getting those two little feet on the right path.
You have been thinking of your child's de-
stinies for the next eighty years, if it should
pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well;
but my subject sweeps a thousand years,
a million years, a quadrillion of years. I
cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking at
the cradles that reach all round the world
and across all time. I am not talking of
Mother Eunice; I am talking of Grandmother
Lois. The only way you can tell the force of
a current is by sailing up stream; or the force
of the ocean waves, by running the ship against
it. We cannot appreciate the force. In esti-
mating maternal influence we generally run
along with it down the stream of time, and
so we don't understand the full force. Let
us come up to it from the eternity side, after
it has been working on for centuries, and
see all the good it has done and all the evil
it has accomplished multiplied in magni-
ficent or appalling compound interest. The
difference between that mother's influence
on her children now and the influence when
it has been multiplied in hundreds of
thousands of lives is the difference be-
tween the Mississippi river way up at
the top of the continent, starting from
the little Lake Itasca, seven miles long
and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of
Mexico, where navies might ride. Between
the birth of that river and its burial in the
sea the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours
in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red
and White and Yazoo rivers pour in, and all
the states and territories between the Alleghany
and Rocky mountains make contribution.

Now, in order to test the power of a
mother's influence, we need to come in off
the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the
one cradle, and we will find 10,000 tributaries
of influence pouring in and pouring down.
But it is, after all, one great river of power
rolling on and rolling forever. Who can
fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can
stop it? Had not mothers better be intensi-
fying their prayers? Had they not better be
elevating their example? Had they not better
be rousing themselves with the consideration
that by their faithfulness or neglect they are
starting an influence which will be stupendous
after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the
last sea has been dried up, and the last
flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall
have been blown away, and all the telescopes of
other worlds directed to the track around which
our world once swung shall discover not so much
as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off
planet. In Ceylon there is a granite column of
thirty-six square feet in size, which is thought
by the natives to decide the world's continuance.
An angel with robe spun from zephyrs is
once a century to descend and sweep the hem
of that robe across the granite, and when by
that attrition the column is worn away they
say time will end. But by that process that
century before mother's influence will begin to
give away.

If a mother tell a child he is not good,
some bugaboo will come and catch him, the
fear excited may make the child a coward,
and the fact that he finds that there is no
bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of
that false alarm may be heard after fifteen
generations have been born and have ex-
pired. If a mother promise a child a reward
for good behavior and after the good be-
havior forgets to give the reward, the cheat
may drop out in some faithlessness 500 years
further on. If a mother culture a child's
vanity and egotism his curls and extol the
black or sky blue or nut brown of the
child's eyes, and call out in his presence the
admiration or spectators, pride and arrogance
may be prolonged after half a dozen family
records have been obliterated. If a mother
express doubt about some statement of the
Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after
the gates of this historical era have closed
and the gates of another era have opened,
the result may be seen in a champion blas-
phemer. But, on the other hand, if a
mother walking with a child see a suffering
one by the wayside, and says, "My child,
give that one cent piece to that lame boy,"
the result may be seen on the other side of
the following century in some George Muller
building a whole village of orphanages. If a
mother sit almost every evening by the
trundle bed of a child and teach it lessons of
a Saviour's love and a Saviour's example, of
the importance of truth and the horror of a
lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness
and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after
the mother has gone and the child has gone
and the lettering on both the tombstones of
immovable winters, there may be standing,
as a result of those trundle bed lessons, flam-
ing evangelists, world moving reformers, cir-
culating Bibles, weeping Paysons, thun-
dering Whitefields, emancipating Washing-
tons.

Good or bad influence may skip one genera-
tion or two generations, but it will be sure to
land in the third or fourth generation, just
as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the
visitation of God on families, says nothing
about the second generation, but entirely
skips the second and speaks of the third and

fourth generation: "Visiting the Iniqui-
ties of the fathers upon the third and fourth
generations of them that hate me." Parental
influence, right and wrong, may jump over
a generation, but it will come down further
on as sure as you sit there and I stand here.
Timothy's ministry was projected by his
Grandmother Lois. There are women here,
the sons and daughters of the Christian
church, who are such as a result of the
consecration of their great-grand-
mothers. Why, who do you think the Lord
is? You talk as though his memory was
weak. He can no easier remember a prayer
five minutes than he can five centuries.
This explains what we often see—some
man or woman distinguished for be-
nevolence when the father and mother were
distinguished for penuriousness; or you see
some young man or woman with a bad father
and a hard mother come out gloriously for
Christ and make the church sob and shout
and sing under their exhortations. We stand
in corners of the vestry and whisper over
the matter and say: "How is this, such great
piety in sons and daughters of such parental
worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you.
If you will fetch me the old Family Bible
containing the full record. Let some septu-
agenarian look with me clear upon the page of
births and marriages, and tell me who that
woman was with the old-fashioned name of
Jemima or Betsey or Mehitabel. Ah, there
she is, the old grandmother or great-grand-
mother, who had enough religion to saturate
a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grand-
mother Lois. In our beautiful Greenwood—
may we all sleep there when our work is
done, for when I get up in the resurrection
morning I want my congregation all about
me—in Greenwood there is the resting place
of George W. Bethune, once a minister of
Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken
among intelligent Americans without sug-
gesting two things—eloquence and evangeli-
sm. In the same tomb sleeps his grand-
mother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief
inspiration of his ministry. You are not
surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit
power of the grandson when you read of the
faith and devotion of his wonderful ances-
ters. When you read this letter, which she
poured out her widowed soul in longings for
a son's salvation, you will not wonder that
succeeding generations have been blessed:

New York, May 20, 1771.—This day my only son
left me in his last moments; he is in heav-
en, and I am in the ocean, God's ocean. The Lord
saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my
home, and allowed me once more to indulge my
affections over him. He has been with me but a
short time, and I have improved it; he is gone
from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultu-
ous grief. Lord have mercy on the widow's son,
"the only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in all this world for him; I repeat
my petition, save his soul alive, give him salvation
from sin. It is not the danger of the sea that
distresses me; it is not the hardships he must
undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him
more in this world; it is because I cannot discern
the fulfillment of the promise in him. I cannot
discern the new birth nor its fruit, but every
symptom of captivity to Satan, the world and
self will. This, this, is what distresses me;
and in connection with this being shut out
from ordinances at a distance from Chris-
tians; shut up with those who forget God, pro-
fane his name and love sin like babies; men
who often live and die like beasts; yet are ac-
countable creatures, who must answer for
every moment of time, and every word,
thought and action. O Lord, many wonders hast
thou shown me; the ways of dealing with me
and mine have not been common ones; add this won-
der to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate and es-
tablish a savior in the faith. Lord, all things are
possible with thee; glorify thy Son and extend
thy kingdom by sea and land; take the prey from
the strong. I roll him over upon thee. Many
friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters
they are all. Thou art the God of consolation;
only confirm to me thy precious word, on which
thou counseldest me to hope in the day when thou
sedest to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I
will preserve them alive." Only let this life be a
spiritual life and I put a blank in thy hand as to
all temporal things. Amen.

With such a grandmother, would you not
have a right to expect a George W. Bethune?
and all the thousands converted through his
ministry may date the saving power back to
Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heavens with
such grandmothers; we must some day go
up and thank these dear old souls. Surely
God will let us go up and tell them of the
results of their influence. Among our first
questions in heaven will be, "Where is
grandmother?" They will point her out, for
we would hardly know her even if we had
seen her on earth, so bent over with years
once and there so straight, so dim of eye
through the blinding of earthly tears, and
now her eye as clear as heaven, so full of
aches and pains once and now so agile with
celestial health, the wrinkles blooming
into carnation roses, and her step like the
roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her,
my grandmother on my father's side, Mary
McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I
first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scot-
land, and felt somewhat diffident, being a
stranger, I began by telling them my grand-
mother was a Scotch woman, and then there
went up a shout of welcome which made me
feel as easy as I do here. I must see her.

You must see those women of the early
Nineteenth century and of the Eighteenth
century, the answer of whose prayers is in
your welfare today. God bless all the aged
women up and down the land and in all
lands! What a happy thing Pompey's
Atticus to say when making the funeral ad-
dress of his mother: "Though I have resided
with her sixty-seven years I was never once
reconciled to her, because there never hap-
pened the least discord between us, and
consequently there was no need of reconcilia-
tion." Make it as easy for the old folks as
you can. When they are sick get for them
the best doctors. Give them your arm when
the streets are slippery. Stay with them all
the time you can. Go home and see the old
folks. Find the place for them in the hymn
book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles
of apparel a little antiquated. Scrupulous
anything that implies they are in the way.
Make the road for the last mile as smooth as
you can. Oh, my! how you will miss her
when she is gone. I would give the house
from over my head to see mother. I have so
many things I would like to tell her, things
that have happened in the twenty-four
years since she went away. Morning,
noon and night let us thank God
for the good influences that have come
down from good mothers all the way back.
Timothy, don't forget your Grandmother Lois.
And hand down to others this patrimony of
blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make
religion an heirloom from generation to gen-
eration. Mothers of America, consecrate
yourselves to God and you will help con-
secrate all the ages following! Do not dwell
so much on your hardships that you miss
your chance of wielding an influence that
shall look down upon you from the towers of
an endless future. I know Martin Luther
was right when he consoled his wife over the
death of their daughter by saying: "Don't
take on so, wife, remember that this is a hard
world for girls." Yes; I go further and say:
It is a hard world for women. Aye, I
go further and say: It is a hard
world for men. But for all women
and men who trust their bodies and
souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates
will soon swing open. Don't you see the
sickly pallor on the sky? That is the pallor
on the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't

you see the brightening of the clouds? That
is the flush on the warm forehead of the
morning. Cheer up, you are coming within
sight of the Celestial City.

Cairo, capital of Egypt, was called "City
of Victory." Athens, capital of Greece, was
called "City of the Violet Crown." Babelbeck
was called "City of the Sun." London was
called "The City of Masts." Lucian's imagi-
nary metropolis beyond the zodiac was called
"The City of Lanterns." But the city to
which you journey hath all these in one, the
victory, the crown, the masts of those that
have been harbored after the storm. Aye,
all but the lanterns and the sun, because they
have no need of any other light, since the
Lamb is the light thereof.

Murat Halstead's Curious Dream.

Yes, they say that the reputable and promi-
nent people of this city who believe in
Spiritualism are numerous. When Mr. M.
Halstead, of Cincinnati, who is known as
Field Marshal Halstead, was here a week or
so ago he and some friends were talking on
this subject. The great editor didn't believe
in spirits, pool poohed them out of existence
entirely. Nevertheless he said he had had a
curious dream once when he was in Europe.
In his dream a respectable procession of his
dead friends came marching up to him headed
by Florus B. Plympton, formerly one of his
editors and an unfaltering Spiritualist. Mr.
Plympton looked as he had appeared in life,
and so did the red eyed Kentucky Colonel
—and so did old Jim—. One of the
members stepped out from the ranks and
said: "Here we all are, Halstead; we've come
to assure you that this thing of living after
you are dead is true. You never believed it.
Well, take a look at us, one and all, and see
if we are not the same old fellows that you
knew in the flesh."

When this speaker retired another stood
forth and harangued a while. And they re-
ferred to so many things in the past, and
were so circumstantial and convincing,
"that, bless me," said Mr. Halstead, "if they
didn't make me feel considerably uncomfort-
table." Thinking at last that he would
scatter them by the time-honored means of the
ready revolver, he pointed a six shooter at
them and clicked away. But the perverse
thing only snapped and wouldn't go off,
whereat the spooks laughed, made faces at
him, and ridiculed him with undisturbed
good nature. Then, bowing with mock hu-
mility, they left him to his unbelief.—New
York Press "Every Day Talk."

A Loaded Cake of Soap.

A customs Hawkshaw: "Smugglers must
be awake nights trying to evolve new schemes
to evade the payment of duties. At least I
imagine they must from the number of new
schemes I am constantly obliged to be on the
lookout for. No sooner do we begin to watch
for passers with the thick soled shoes,
made by European shoemakers to accommo-
date the diamond smugglers, than we have
to keep our eyes open to detect the woman
with a bonnetful of jewelry. We seize
enough, heaven knows, but not a fifth part
of the contraband goods brought into this
country are ever detected.

"The articles which seem to be most
favored by the smugglers are diamonds,
jewelry and watches, although silks and
costly dress goods are by no means despised.
Diamonds, however, hold first rank, because
of their portability and the small space
which they occupy. Search in the most
unlikely places has often revealed a mine
of wealth. Only a few days ago in the
traveling bag of a tourist just arrived was a
very innocent looking piece of toilet soap,
which would never have been given a second
glance by the inspector if it had not been for
the evident anxiety displayed by the owner
of the bag to get it back.

"Almost ashamed of himself the officer
pulled out his pocket knife and attempted to
pierce that cake of soap. The traveler's jaw
fell and the officer's knife blade met an ob-
struction at about the same time. There
were just \$3,000 worth of rubies and dia-
monds inside of that partly used cake!"—
Jewelers' Weekly.

Where Has the Water Gone?

From observations made along the entire
chain of lakes the startling discovery has
been made that the surface of all the great
inland seas has been lowered nearly four
feet and a half during the last year. The at-
tention of vessel men was first drawn to the fact
that the water was going down last fall,
when numerous and inexplicable cases of
vessels grounding were reported. From the
middle to the close of the last season of na-
vigation owners and masters of the larger class
of boats on the lakes were troubled by the
low stage of the water. Heavy bills of ex-
pense in releasing grounded vessels and con-
sequent costly delays were borne by owners.
Complaints were made of insufficient dredg-
ing and government engineers expressed
doubt in several cases where vessels touched
bottom, especially in the Detroit river and
in Lake St. Clair.

The cause of this remarkable state of af-
fairs is a mystery. Whether some immense
subterranean outlet has suddenly been af-
forded for the vast body of water or whether
the tributary streams have been affected by
drought is a matter for scientific men to de-
termine. The opening of navigation will be
looked forward to with interest.—Cleveland
(O.) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Wicked Advertiser's Way.

The British publisher is no longer content
merely to deface the inside of his books with
advertisements. He now defaces the outside.
He has for some time past taken great liberties
with the cheap railway volumes meant to be
read and thrown away. He did the same
with some of the shilling volumes of standard
literature, not meant to be thrown away.
Now he has gone a step further, and stand-
ard books of reference bound in cloth are
banded over to the wicked advertiser to work
his will upon. The book I have before me is
"Dodd's Forage," published by Messrs. Whit-
aker & Co. One side of the cloth cover is
stamped all over in big gold letters and big
gold pictures of bottles, and a big trademark,
which looks like a griffin trying to ring a
bell.—G. W. Smalley.

A Historical Whale's Tooth.

W. D. Ogden, of Yakimo, W. T., has in his
possession a sperm whale's tooth that has an
interesting history. It is about five inches
in length, and on its polished sides is a por-
trait of a Spanish lady tattooed with India
ink. The tooth was originally owned by
Capt. Gray, of the ship Columbia, and was
in the cabin of his ship when he sailed up the
Pacific coast on the voyage of exploration
which resulted in the discovery of the great
river which now bears the name of his ves-
sel.—New York Evening World.

The Showmen's Latest Notion.

A company is being formed in Chicago to
remove Libby prison from Richmond, Va.,
to that city. It is proposed to take down
the famous building, numbering every brick,
stone and shingle, transport it to the western
metropolis, and there set it up again, with
every brick, stone, beam, joist, door, win-
dow, etc., in exactly the same relative place
it now occupies, then surround the whole by
another building, making the prison the
main feature of an exhibition.—Boston
Transcript.

CALIFORNIA'S Finest Production.

JARVIS WINES and BRANDIES.

PUREST, OLDEST AND BEST

—FOR—

Medicinal & Family Use

The G. M. Jarvis Company

Is located at San Jose, in the lovely Santa Clara Valley, and
the picturesque Santa Cruz Mountains, a region that grows
every variety of grapes known on the favored Rhine or on
the sunny slopes of the Mediterranean.

In this beautiful, fertile valley the purple, golden and deli-
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Which is now the standard of purity and excellence in this
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